How happy was my morn of Love;

A FAVORITE SONG

COMPOSED BY THOMAS WRIGHT,

The Words by Peter Pindar.

LONDON.

Price 1 Sh

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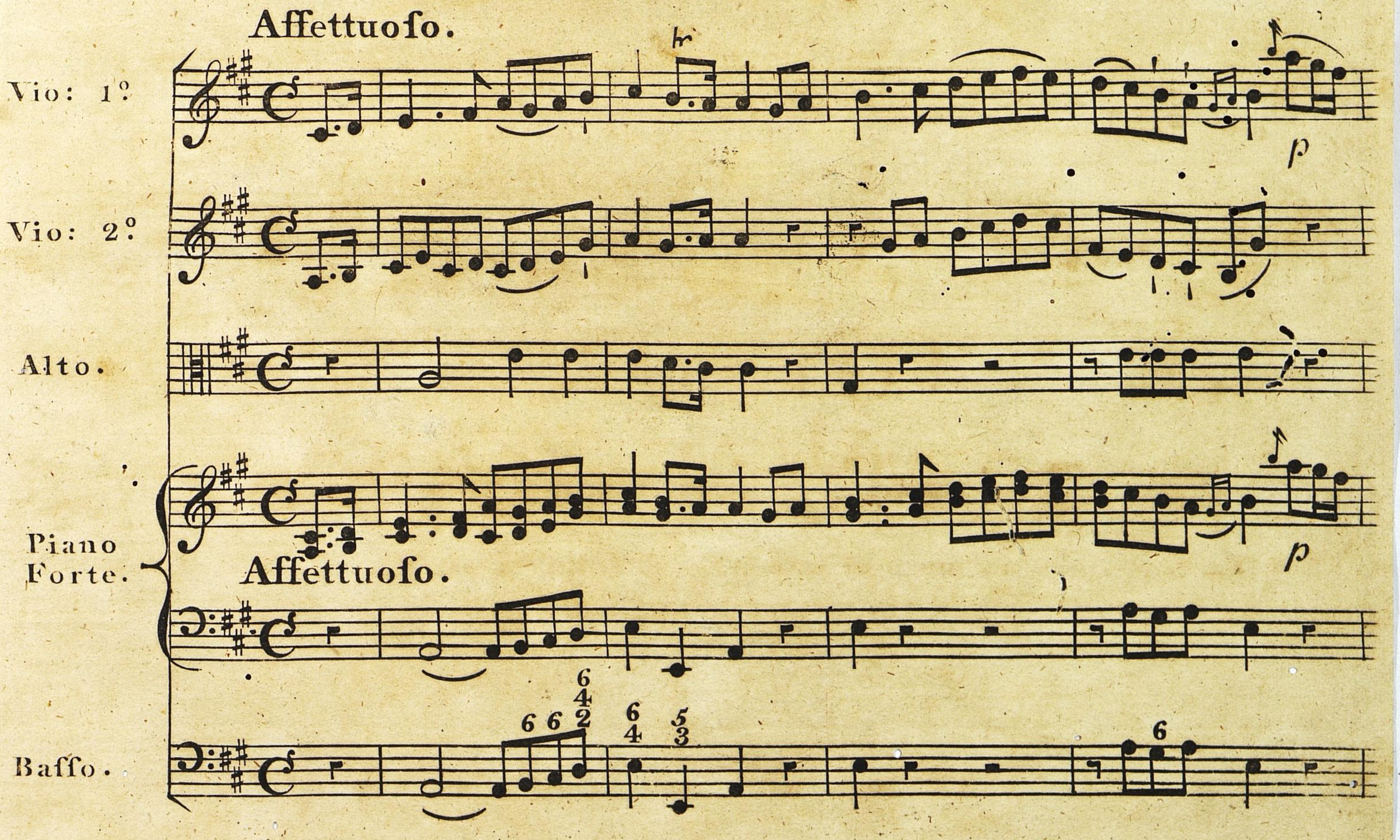
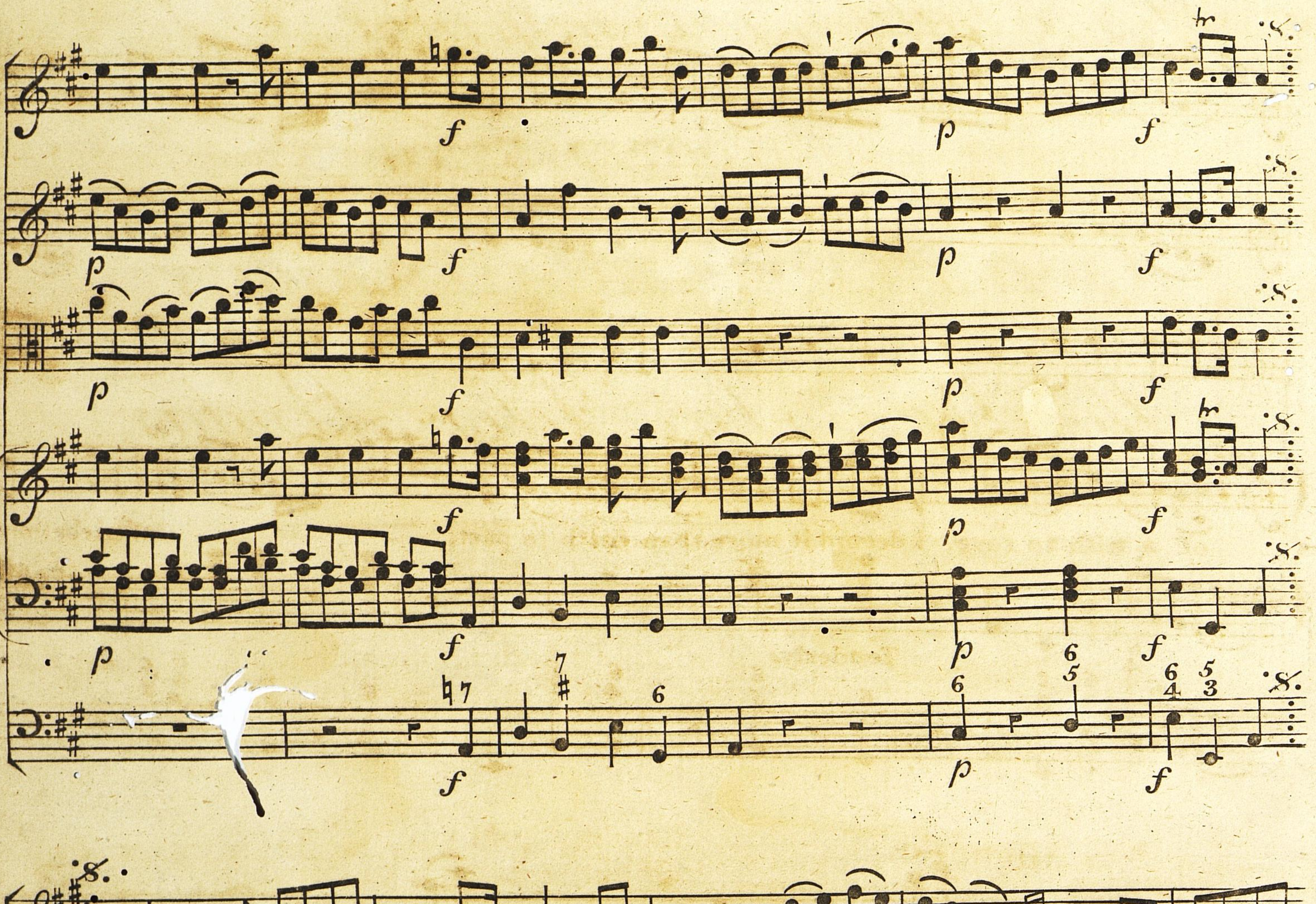
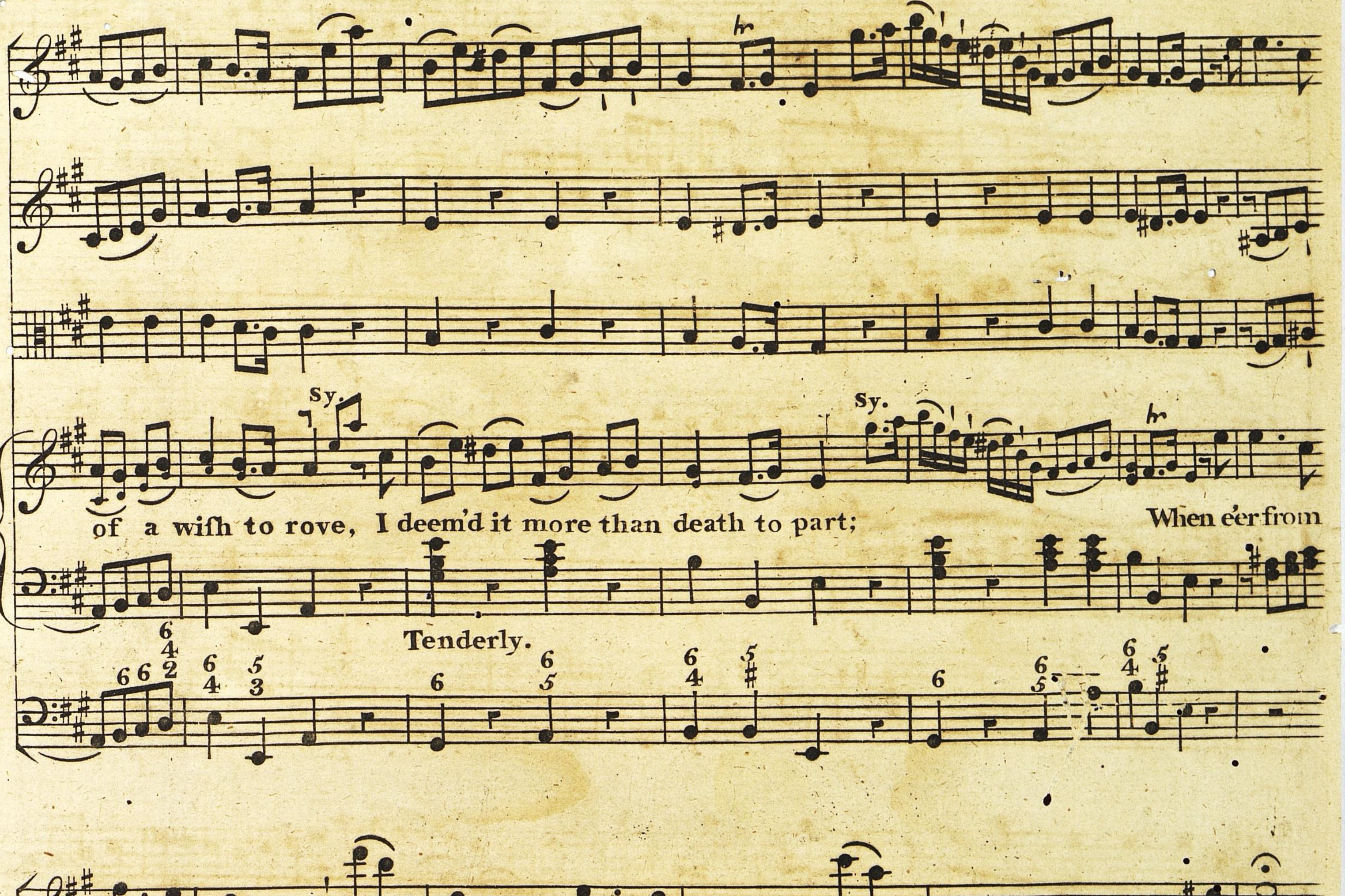
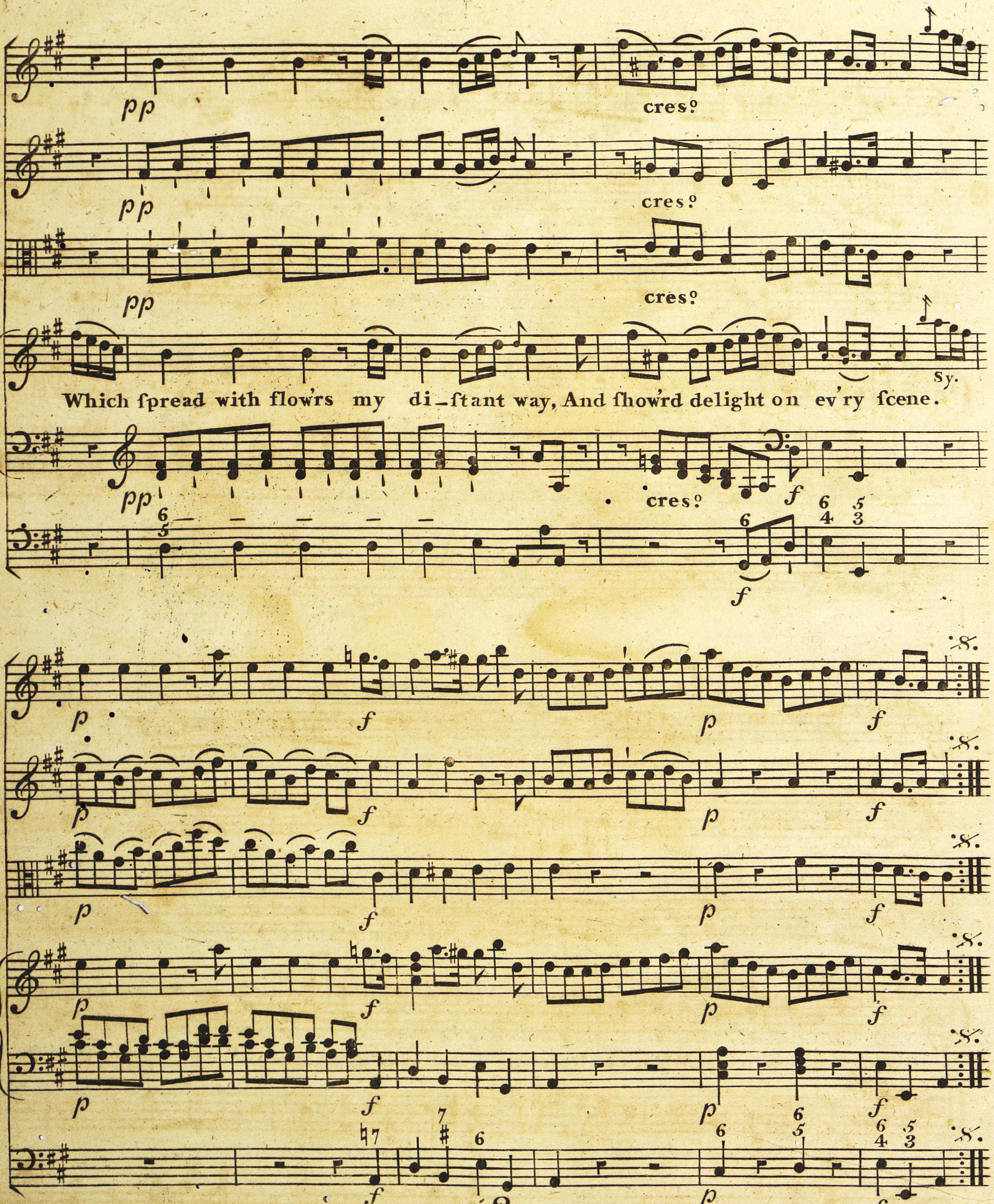


Volti.


How happy was my morn of love, When first thy beauty won my heart, How guiltless


Sy.
of a wish to rove, I deem'd it more than death to part; When e'er from
Tenderly.
Sy.
thee I chanc'd to stray, When e'er from thee I chanc'd to stray, How fancy dwelt upon thy mien!

Volti.



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But fortune, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms;
From me thy ſweeteſt ſmile decoys,
And gives thee to anothers arms:

Yet tho' my tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be never Laura's lot;
Let love protect thy heart from woe,
His wound to mine ſhall be forgot.